RUTLAND HERALD.

BY GEO. H. BEAMAN | RUTLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1845. | Vol. 51---No. 42

LETTER FROM A. WHITNEY

We are glad to learn, by the following letter from Mr. Whitney received on Saturday, that he has completed his examination of the country between the Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, and that his confidence in the feasibility and high public importance of the gigantic Railroad which he proposes to build, has been increased rather than diminished by his further investigations.—*N. Y. Com. & Enq. Oct. 6.*

St. Louis, 20th Sept. 1845.

We arrived here last evening in the steamer John Golong, from Fort Leavenworth, all well. My last was dated at Prairie du Chien, about the 1st July, at which place I expected a guide to go with us to the Missouri—was disappointed, then expected one at Fort Atkinson, 50 miles west, where I was again disappointed; the man who was said to be the only suitable guide, seemed to have doubts and fears of his ability and would not go. Col. Wilson, of the Army, at Prairie du Chien, and Maj. Dearborn, at Fort Atkinson, I found very civil, highly intelligent, and ready to render any aid in their power—they gave much valuable information, which I found useful, and for which I feel myself under great obligation. Thus situated without a guide and with but one laboring man with us, I felt a heavy responsibility, and no small reluctance in leading the young gentlemen with me into probable dangers and sure hardships and fatigues; but they to a man said go on, we will follow you, we cannot turn back, and they have fully redeemed their pledge, for they have gone through many hardships, much fatigue and hard labor, hunger and thirst. I cannot say too much of them, nor can too much praise be awarded them for labor and conduct. Unused to any labor before, I feared it would be hard upon them, but they never flinched, they were ready to wade through mud, water and grass to their necks, with their provisions on their heads, to swim rivers, to fell trees for bridges, and other fatigues necessary for the accomplishment of our object.

Before leaving Fort Atkinson, I fixed on a route I would like to follow to the Missouri. I took my compass in hand, and made for it. I came on to the Missouri, within 5 miles from the point started for.—By Burns' map of Wisconsin, embracing Iowa, &c., (which I found more correct than any I have seen) we crossed the Turkey river at Fort Atkinson, in north lat. 43 and about 15; thence we crossed the different branches of the Cedars in about same lat. to Clear Lake, in west longitude 93 and about 25; thence north-westerly till we came to a branch of the St. Peter, running south-easterly; my object in this was to find a dividing ridge between the Cedars which run north and those running southerly. I will here remark that we did not find the Cedars or the St. Peter's branch to correspond with Burns, or any map I have seen; thence due west to the Des Moines in lat. 43 20, and west lon. about 95, which river we crossed by felling trees for a bridge; thence due west to a number of small beautiful lakes, which form the head waters of the little Sioux, emptying into the Missouri; thence across Floyd's river; thence due west across the branches of the Calumet, and then the Calumet, then the White-stone or Vermillion; then Jaques river, and thence to the great, the grand Missouri, 15 miles below the great bend, making a distance from the Mississippi to the Missouri, of more than 500 miles, over the finest country upon the globe, capable of sustaining more than three times the population of the same space in any other part of the globe—no swamps, no marshes, no flooding of rivers, except in the vicinity of the Wabsiptwea, and that only for a small distance, and undoubtedly the most healthy country in the world. I have never found an atmosphere so pure—the surface is generally rolling to an almost level, always, however, enough undulating to let off all the water. While on the subject, I will remark that some of the rivers west of the lakes are natural rivers, but have formed themselves and their beds by the constant wash of this vast and almost level prairie, but more of this hereafter. The soil of this vast country is also as rich as it can be. In the whole distance I did not see one-half acre of useless bad land. All required of the farmer will be to plough, plant and gather his crops. As far as to the Cedars are considerable tracts of good timber, but beyond, none to the Missouri, and then very little till nearly down to Fort Leavenworth, and there only about three miles wide, and sometimes none on the river, but coal is abundant, and the growth of timber so natural, that without fires (which now spread over the whole prairies yearly, consuming every thing,) in 15 years the whole from river to river would be one dense forest. In my last, I informed you that there are no difficult streams to cross from the Lake to the Mississippi, and that stream can be bridged in the vicinity of, and above Prairie du Chien, without difficulty, but not below—from the Mississippi to the Missouri they can be bridged easily, with little comparative expense, first rate material being abundant in the bluffs which form their banks. The Missouri is a very difficult stream to bridge or to navigate, its waters rapid, many places shoal, 18 to 22 inches, its bed quicksand, and channel constantly changing, its bottoms between the bluffs, below where the Calumet enters in, are from 4 to 5 miles wide, all quicksand in layers or strata of from 1 to 3 feet, and between each the water constantly working out, which with the arm of the main stream causes the banks to tumble in constantly, and often making a new channel from one side of the bottom to the other, rendering it almost impossible to bridge any where below the entrance of the Calumet, but above which are two places of rock bottom, and one of gravel, where too the bottom land from bluff to bluff is very narrow, and a bridge may be erected without difficulty, and with safety. Thus from my picture you see I have found all I desired, and far more than I expected when I set out. If I can get the grant of lands I ask for, I can build the road. I now have not a doubt, or a fear, if Congress will give me the lands, in a very few months the work shall be commenced, and far sooner than I have dared to hope it will be completed—then we shall have the whole world tributary to us—when the whole commerce of the vast world will be tumbled into our lap—when this vast and now useless waste and wilderness (and it ever must be so, without this road,) shall become not only the thoroughfare of the vast world, but its garden, feeding, clothing, comforting and enlightening millions, who are now starving, homeless, naked, ignorant and oppressed; and who can oppose such a work? I have not exaggerated the results to flow from it. If you or any other intelligent man will set down calmly and deliberately, and look over this subject, you will, you must be convinced that it is not chimerical, it is not exaggerated, but that it is impossible to half estimate its result. I again ask who can oppose it? No man's rights to be abridged! No man's taxes increased, and not even one cent asked for from any man. All I ask is that which is now a great part of it useless, and ever must be without this road; and I do not ask that without pay in money, for the whole cost of the road is to be expended for materials and labor, and the products of the earth to sustain the labor among and paid over to the people, to whom the lands belong. Tho' it does not go into the treasury of the United States, it goes into the pockets of the people, directly to whom that treasury belongs, and a sum too, more than double of that which will be received for the same lands in any other way. I call on you, and upon all to examine and investigate this subject, and to support me in it, so far as I am right, and no farther; it is to the press I look for aid and support in bringing this subject fully before the people. It is not a political question, it is not sectional, it is one in which all parties can act, and all interests be benefited; it is no stock-jobbing or gambling scheme, there being no company to manage it; no stock to speculate upon, no one can be deceived or defrauded. And the only questions seem to be, do we want such a road? Is it desirable? Will it be a national benefit, and will not the whole world be benefited by it? It appears to me that these questions cannot be answered but in the affirmative. I believe that the whole human family are to be benefited by this road, the ignorant enlightened, the destitute, raised to industry, comfort, usefulness and virtue—and who can say nay? If I cannot from the lands build the road, the people still have the lands, they do not part with one inch, that is not applied to it, but if I build the road then they gain all I have promised—yea far more. I shall remain here a few days, then pass through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, and hope to be in New York by the middle of next month, when I will give in person more full particulars of my exploration.

Immediate action is necessary, this subject must be decided by next Congress—the lands from the Lake to the Mississippi are fast being taken up, and will soon be so much so as to defeat the object. Iowa and Wisconsin will soon be made States, which will be an objection. Oregon so much interested in, and so entirely dependant upon, this road for its membership of, and connexion with our government, calls for action. Truly yours,

A. WHITNEY.

The Helmsman of Lake Erie.

We do not know who wrote the subjoined, nor where it first appeared; but we are sure that the reader will agree with us that it is a most powerful narrative of a deed that should not be forgotten. In all the qualities of true glory, the Helmsman of Lake Erie stands far beyond the crowd of heroes who in blood stained laurel, fill the niches of fame:

'It was on a pleasant May morning that a steam vessel was riding at anchor, opposite the town of Buffalo on Lake Erie.—You know, I dare say that Lake Erie is one of those sea-lakes, for which America is so famous; and as you stand on its shore and see its green waves dashing in, one after another, you might think that you were looking at the green ocean itself. The Jersey—for that was the name of the steamer—was dressed out with many bright flags; the Blue Pete, the signal for immediate sailing, was at her mainmast-head; porters were hurrying along the narrow quay that juts out into the lake; boatmen quarrelling with each other for passengers, travellers hurrying backwards and forward to look for their baggage; friends shaking hands, and bidding each other farewell; idlers lounging about, with their hands in their pockets; cab-drivers jangling for larger fare; and all the various kinds of bustle and confusion that attend the departure of a packet from a watering place.

But presently the anchor was hove, the paddles began to turn, the sails were set, and leaving a long track of foam behind her, the Jersey stood westward, and held her course for the town of Erie. It was a bright blue day, and as hour after hour went by, some mingled in the busy conversation on politics; some set apart and calculated the gains of the shop or the counting house, some were wrapped up in the book with which they were engaged; and one or two with whom time seemed to hang heavily, composed themselves to sleep. In short, one and all were like men who thought that, let danger come to them when it might, at least it would not be that day.

It drew towards four in the afternoon, and the steamer, which had hitherto been keeping the middle of the lake, stood southward, Erie, the place to which it was bound lying on the southern side. Old John Maynard was at the wheel, a bluff weather-beaten sailor, tanned by many a burning summer's day, and by many a winter's tempest. He had truly learned to be content with his situation; none could say that they had ever heard him repine at his hard labor and scanty pay. He had in the worst time a cheerful word and a kind look for those with whom he was thrown; cast often enough into bad company, he tried, at least, and often succeeded to say or do something for its good. He was known from one end of the Lake to the other, by the name of honest John Maynard; and the secret of his honesty to his neighbors was his love of God.

The land was about ten miles off, when the captain, coming up from his cabin, cried to a sailor:

'Dick Fletcher, what's all that smoke I see coming out from the hold?'

'It's from the engine, room, sir, I guess, said the man.

'Down with you then, and let me know.'

The sailor then began descending the ladder by which you go to the hold; but scarcely had he disappeared beneath the deck, when up he came with much greater speed.

'The hold's on fire, sir,' he said to the captain, who by this time was standnig close to him.

The captain rushed down, and found the account too true. Some sparks had fallen on a bundle of tow; no one had seen the accident, and now not only much of the luggage, but the side of the vessel were in a smouldering flame.

All hands, passengers as well as sailors were called together; and two lines being made, one on each side of the hold, buckets of water were passed and repassed; they were filled from the lake, flew along the lines of ready hands, were dashed hissing on the burning mass, and then passed on the side to be refilled, for a few moments it seemed as if the flames were subdued.

In the mean time the women on board were clustering around John Maynard, the only man unemployed who was capable of answering their questions. 'How far is it to land?' 'How long shall we be getting in?' 'Is it very deep?' 'Is there no boat?' 'Can they see us from the shore?' The helmsman answered as well as he could.—There was no boat; it had been left to Buffalo to be mended; they might be seven miles from shore, they would probably be in in forty minutes; he could not tell how far the fire had reached. 'But to speak the truth,' he added, 'we are all in great danger, and I think if there were less talking and a little more praying, it would be better for us and none the worse for the boat.'

'How's head?' shouted the Captain.

'West-sou'-west, sir,' answered Maynard.

Keep her sou' and by west' cried the captain. 'We must go on shore any where.'

It happened that a draft of wind drove back the flames, which soon began to blaze up more furiously against the saloon; and the partion betwixt it and the hold was soon on fire. The long wreaths of smoke began to find their way through the skylight, and the captain seeing this, ordered all women forward. The engineer put on his utmost steam; the American flag was run up, and reversed, in token of distress; water was flung up over the sails, to make them hold the wind. And still John Maynard stood by the wheel, though he was cut off by a sheet of smoke and flame from the ship's crew.

Greater and greater grew the heat: the passengers were clustering round the vessel's bow, the sailors were sawing plank on which to lash the women; the boldest were throwing off their coats and waistcoats and preparing for one long and last struggle for life. And still the coast grew plainer and plainer; the paddles as yet, worked well; they could be no more than a mile from the shore; and boats were seen now starting to their assistance.

'John Maynard,' cried the captain.

'Ay, ay, sir,' said John.

'Could you hold on five minutes longer?'

'I'll try sir.'

And he did try; the flames came nearer and nearer; a sheet of smoke sometimes would almost suffocate him; his hair was scorched; his blood seemed all on fire with great heat. Crouching as far back as he could, he held the wheel firmly with his left hand, till the flesh shrivelled, and the muscles creaked in the flame; then he he stretched forth the right, and bore the agony without a scream or a groan. It was enough for him that he had hear the cheer of the sailors to the approaching boats and the cry of the captain, 'the women first and then every man for himself, and God for us all.' And they were the last sounds he heard. How he perished was not known; whether dizzied by the smoke, he lost his footing in endeavoring to come forward, and fell overboard, or whether he was suffocated by the dense smoke, his comrades could not tell. Every soul of the large number of passengers reached the shore in safety; but he whose martyr spirit they owed their lives was not there, and with throbbing hearts they recollected that the blue waters beyond them had closed over all that remained of the "HELMSMAN OF LAKE ERIE."'

From the Knickerbocker.

Reuben Nathans, the Quack Doctor.

We derive the annexed amusing communication from a correspondent who can never write too often to be welcome to the pages of the Knickerbocker or to its readers. There are probably many people now living who remember the celebrated Jew Quack doctor, Reuben Nathans, who flourished some forty years since, and whose medicine, the 'Chinese Balsam of Life' and the celebrated 'Hair Invigorating Lotion,' made so much noise at that time. But few I presume, have heard of the anecdote I am about to relate concerning him. When the doctor's medicines were first announced to the world, a single-minded laboring man purchased one bottle of the Lotion, and another of the Balsam, for his wife who had a consumptive cough of many years standing, and was besides threatened with the total loss of her hair. The woman used both medicines according to directions, and as is usual with ignorant people, in such cases, thought they were doing her a great deal of good. The cough seemed to her going away rapidly; she breathed freer while her hair appeared to be coming back again, thicker than ever. As a natural consequence, she felt very great confidence in the medicines; when the first lot of Balsam was used, she sent her husband to get the bottle filled again. The doctor asked how the medicines operated?—'Oh grandly,' replied the man 'my wife's caugh's e en a'most gone and her hair is all coming back again as fiery as ever.' 'Ah,' said the doctor, 'that's the way my medicines always work. They're just what I call them, the greatest wonders of the age. I s'pose you're no objection of giving me your affidavit?' 'Oh, no,' replied the man, 'that's what my wife wants me to do.' The couple then repaired to the mayor's office, where an affidavit was drawn up, sworn to, and and witnessed.

On returning to the doctor's shop, the quack took up the empty bottle for the purpose of refilling it. Uncorking it, he put it to his nose and smelt of it. Why, 'what can this mean?' he exclaimed in some astonishment, and then looking at the label, he smelt of it again. Why sir, this isn't balsam, though the label says so, but the 'Hair Lotion.' 'Hair Lotion or not,' replied the man, pointing to the bottle, 'that's cured my wife's dreadful cough, and the stuff in the other bottle at home is what made her hair grow again!' 'Strange, strange!' repeated the doctor, with a puzzled countenance, 'I don't know what to make of it, will you be kind enough to just step back and get me the other bottle, the hair lotion, I mean?' The man did so, and soon returned with the lotion bottle. The doctor took it and applied his nose to its mouth.—'And this,' said he 'is just as surely the lotion; Don't you think there was some mistake on your part, sir? Are you sure, that what was in this bottle, made your wife's hair grow again?' 'Just as sartin as I'm alive,' replied the man, 'for I always turned it out myself while Betsey held the spoon.' The doctor sat down in a chair, and seemed buried in profound thought, 'Ah, I see!' he at length exclaimed, and jumping up he filled the empty bottle again. 'There, sir,' said he, giving it to the man, and hurrying him to the door; 'All's right, sir—I was a little bothered, that's all. Call again when that's gone and you shall have another for nothing.'

As soon as he had shut the door on his customer, the doctor called in his 'confidential' man from the 'laboratory.' 'Moses,' said he, 'we've made a great mistake in our guess work, after all. I've been studying very hard, lately, and have just discovered that our 'lotion' is the stuff to cure the coughs and consumptions, and the balsam is the best to make the hair grow! We must change the labels.' 'That's unlucky,' replied the man, 'for we've got four thousand bottles, two thousand of each kind, all ready to send away to-morrow.' 'Vel, vel,' said the doctor, 'you can change the labels, if you have time; if not, send them off as they are. 'Tisn't much matter!'

IF WE ONLY HAD A PIANO.

"This is pleasant," exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cosily in the rocking-chair, as the tea things were removed. The fire glowed in the grate, revealing a prettily and neatly furnished sitting room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying, what he had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own fire-side. His pretty wife, Esther, took her work and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he said, again taking a satisfactory survey of his snug little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he tho't he felt really grateful for all his present comforts.

"Now if we only had a piano," said the wife.

"Give me the music of your sweet voice, before all the pianos in creation," he declared complimentarily, despite a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

"Well, but we want one for our friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come to see us, and not to hear a piano!" exclaimed the husband.

"But, George, everybody has a piano now-a-days—we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano," persisted the wife.

"And yet I don't know what we want one for; you will have no time to play on one, and I don't like to hear it."

"Why, they are so fashionable—I think your room looks really naked without one."

"I think it looks just right."

"I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shockingly," protested Esther, emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

"Your lamp smokes, my dear," he said, after a long pause.

"When are you going to get an astral lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we need one," said Esther pettishly.

"Those will do."

"But you know everybody, now-a-days, wants astral lamps."

"Those lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw—they were bought at Boston."

"But, George, I do not think our room is complete without an astral lamp," said the wife, sharply, "they are so fashionable; why, the D——s, and B——s, and A——s, all have them. I am sure we ought to."

"We ought to, if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason for that." The husband moved uneasily in his chair.

"We want to live within our means, Esther," exclaimed George.

"I am sure I should think we could afford it as well as the R——s and L——s, and many others we might mention—we do not wish to appear mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean! I am not mean," he cried angrily.

"Then you do not wish to appear so," said the wife. "To complete this room, and make it look like other's, we want a piano and an astral lamp."

"We want—we want!" muttered the husband; "there is no satisfying woman's wants, do what you may!" and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma! How many husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions. How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin, in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessaries. If the real cause of many a failure could be made known, it would be found to result from useless expenditure at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion, and "what will people say of us?"

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions, "by her thrift, prudence and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," answered his companion bitterly, "by useless extravagance, and repining when I was doing well." What a world does this open of the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence small. It is too common for young house-keepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skilfully with, adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further and visit the houses of the poor and suffering; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of the comforts and refinements of social life; then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart and be ready to appreciate the toil and self-denial which he has endured in his business world to surround you with all the delights of home; then you will be ready to co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses that his mind will not be constantly barrassed with fears lest family expenditures may encroach upon public payments.

Be independent; a young house-keeper never needed greater moral courage than to resist that arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A——s, and B——s, decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you ought to afford; and then decide with strict integrity according to your means. Let not the censures or the approval of the world ever tempt you to buy what you hardly think you can afford. It matters little what they think, provided you are true to yourself and your family.

Thus pursuing an independent, straight forward consistent course of action, there will spring up peace and joy all around you. Satisfied and happy yourself, you will make your husband so, and your children will feel the warm sunny influence.—Happy at home, your husband can go out into the world with a clear head and self-relying spirit; domestic bickering will not sour his heart, and he will return to you again with a confiding and unceasing love. Depend upon it, beauty, grace, wit, accomplishment have far less to do with family comfort than prudence, economy, thrift and good sense. A husband may get tired of admiring, but never with the comfortable consciousness that his receipts exceed his demand.

GREAT SEA-SERPENT OFF STONINGTON—NARROW ESCAPE OF THE OBSERVERS FROM SHIP-WRECK!

The following account, duly authenticated as it will be seen, we copy from the last number of the Woonsocket (R. I.) Patriot. The statement was sent to the Woonsocket paper by Mr. C. D. Byron, who dates his letter, Newport, Sept. 8. The day on which it was seen, the Monday previous, Sept. 1st, while the ship Albatross was becalmed off Stonington, Ct., about five miles off the land. We would not ridicule these researches into Natural History, but we must say that this story is long, tough and hard to swallow. If true, however, it shows that antiquity cannot begin to compare with modern times. The *Hydragos Sillimanii* wasn't a circumstance to the *Genus Stoningtonii*. We copy from the Woonsocket Patriot.—[New York Tribune.

The wind, during the day had been light from the North East, and about half past 3, afternoon, while almost becalmed, one of the men who had gone aloft discovered him about one point off on the lee bow, distant quarter of a mile. I immediately went aloft, taking with me an excellent sea glass and stationed myself on the main top gallant cross-trees. As he neared the vessel, I was enabled from my elevated position to observe the peculiarity of his shape, and to reconnitre all his movements. When first seen, he was lying on the surface of the water, with his head and nearly the entire length of his body in sight. In this position he remained for about fifteen minutes, without any apparent motion, though from his gradual proximity to the vessel, it is evident that he must have been under some headway. After this he slowly changed his course so as to bring his body athwart our bows, and again appeared to remain stationary until by the current and slight puffs of wind we had drifted silently into its immediate neighborhood.

The sea being nominally smooth and clear the view which was now afforded could not well have been better and the opportunity to enjoy it was eagerly embraced by all hands. I should think that his length could not have fallen far short of 70 feet. The head appeared to be much the largest and most formidable part, and was of an oval shape. The end of the upper jaw appeared to be square and very blunt; that of the under part was not so much dissimilar in shape to that of the ordinary snake. About ten feet from the extreme point of the head, and on either side, was located a thin apron or ear of flesh, of about four feet in length and one in width. Directly in rear and just below, appeared a large full orbed eye, of a dark color, with an elongate horrizontal pupil, surrounded by a white outline. Under the throat and about on a line with the eye, appeared two enormous fins or flippers, which seemed to to be his main dependence in giving headlong motion to the huge mass of living flesh which lay behind them. About eight or ten feet farther back, and near the surface of the water two other fins became visible; these were about six feet long, rather narrow and quite thin. They lay horizontally on the water, and went occasionally to and from the side with a sculling motion; this circumstance led to the conjecture that they might have been designed as material aids in turning the body to the right or left. The ridge of the back was considerably notched, and at equal distances of two or three feet, sharp transparent protuberances, of a vermilion color appeared, to the number of fifteen; after which the back became smooth as far as discoverable.—These points or horns were about 8 inches long, starting with a diameter of perhaps four inches, and gradually tapering to an extreme point. It is not impossible that this singular arrangement may have been wisely ordered to serve as weapons of self defence. The termination of the body was quite small, it ending with a callous or bony projection about four feet in length, and nearly white.

The entire body appeared to be shielded in a 'coat of mail,' of a dark brown hue, divided into regular joints, passing round the body, which were slightly opened and shut by the motion occasioned when 'head to the sea.' This singular exterior covering would undoubtedly present an invulnerable barrier against the attack of any acquatic enemy who might chance to seek the citadel of life. Its extreme inflexibility was thoroughly tested before we parted company, by several well directed shots of a rifle, which left no visible impression whatever, and did not seem to disturb his equilibrium even in the slighest degree.

At about half past 3, we were so contiguous to each other, that fears began to be entertained for the safety of the vessel. I came down from aloft and ordered the sweeps to be put out, to get 'steerway' on her in order to avoid a collision, as he was then lying 'broadside to' just under the bow. At this critical juncture a scene of confusion and alarm occurred which can only be imperfectly described. The oars were scarcely in the water, when a terrible commotion was heard distinctly under the 'fore-foot.' I jumped forward at once to the staysail nettings, and looking down, I could see nothing but one complete cauldron of bubbling and foam, as white as unstained snow. Whether the serpent had taken alarm at discovering his proximity to the vessel, or from the noise made by the oars as they were dropped into the water, I could not tell. In another instant the commotion ceased, and the monster breached from the water head foremost, coming up in a perpendicular line, until his head struck the martingale with such force as to part the guys, and carry the flying jib boom iron. The concussion was so severe that the whole ship trembled beneath it, and the countenance of every man on board was blanched with fear. Had I not been holding on the foretopmast-stay, at the time, I should doubtless fallen overboard. Immediately after this he settled away, and entirely disappeared from sight.

It being now about four o'clock, and the wind begining to set in from the southward and eastward, we hauled our tacks aboard and 'sheeted home' the topsails, and gathering headway on the ship, stood in for the land. Nothing more was seen of the leviathan, though every eye on board long and intently searched for his whereabouts. Whether this strange inhabitant of the deep is the same which has been so often seen, and described by others, or is some new visiter in our waters, I have no means of knowing. I can only say that its appearance is novel and interesting in the highest degree, and differed entirely in its color, size and construction, from any tenant of the deep which ever came under my observation during a nautical life of nearly twenty-five years.

JABEZ POWERS.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

Manuel. What did you steal my dog Teke for, Sam? I can't spare him; he's a great comfort to me in my present infirmities.

Sam. I did'nt steal your dog, Man.—He's mine; I *annexed* him.

Man. 'Annexed him?' What do you mean by that? I bought him, and have had him a long time, and never gave him to anybody. What right have you to him?

Sam. Teke gave me a right himself.—He barked out his independence, and followed me about; and so I put him with my other dogs.

Man. You're a vile thief, Sam! and if you don't give me back my dog, I'll break every bone in your skin.

Sam. You look like a bone-breaker, your poor puny, sallow little Spaniard!—How you'd look fighting a large, powerful man like me! You'll never get Teke again that way.

Man. Well, if I can't get Teke again, I can give you a good slap in your ugly face, and that will save my honor. Besides, I can easily steal the timber and spars you put in the water to soak, and that will be fair capture.

Sam. You slap me in the face and steal my timber? Then *I* shall have some honor to take care of. I shall fling you within an inch of your life, and carry off your other dog Cally. Both dogs will then be mine by right of war, and our honor will be all safe.—*Burritt's Citizen.*

If you wish to obtain favor with the mother, praise her child—with the old maid, her old parrot or poodle.